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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

Hail to thee lady!
and may the grace
of Heaven, before,
behind thee and
on every hand
enwheel thee round

To Mrs
Sara Louise Lee
with the sincere regards
of
Clarence Stuart Ward
In the reproof
of chance lies the
true proof of men.

Boston. Feb. 1889

WIT, WISDOM, AND BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

CLARENCE STUART WARD

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1887

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To

ISABEL WALCOTT CARTER,

WHOSE DEVOTED TRUST AND AFFECTION

WERE A COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT THROUGH EVENTFUL YEARS,

This Little Book

IS DEDICATED WITH ALL A BROTHER'S LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

PREFACE.

FEW at the present day have the leisure or interest to know Shakespeare thoroughly; a mere bowing acquaintance with most of the plays, which in early years were hastily read through with little thought and scant appreciation, and a certain familiarity with portions of those commonly acted on the stage, are all with which most persons claiming to possess a liberal education can be credited.

It has been thought by the editor of this volume that it was possible to provide a means for increasing the general knowledge of Shakespeare by arranging in a manner which admits of easy reference those passages of wit and humor which must ever amuse and delight the mind, those of wisdom and philosophy from which the profoundest significance of action and habit in life may be deduced, and those of incomparable beauty which have become the absolute and fixed expression, never to be changed or displaced in our language, of the ideas they represent. This consideration of the natural grouping of the

selected passages seemed to furnish an appropriate title.

With this object in view all the passages in Shakespeare, long or short, which are of especial significance or distinguished by any inherent excellence, those which a speaker or writer might employ to lend grace or vigor to his theme, have been carefully sifted from out the great body of the poet's works, and collected together in a form which admits of their being used and appreciated by the most casual reader.

No selections have been taken from several plays often found in editions of Shakespeare, as in the light of the best authorities his connection with them is deemed highly improbable, nor have any passages been found in either of his two long poems which seem to have a separate value apart from their context.

The text has been made to conform to the Riverside edition of Shakespeare, where there is any difference in the readings of various editions.

C. S. W.

BOSTON, *June*, 1887.

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WIT, WISDOM, AND BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEMPEST.

GONZALO.

His complexion is perfect gallows. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 31.

ARIEL.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 400.

MIRANDA.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 458.

SEBASTIAN.

Look; he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 12.

GONZALO.

When every grief is entertain'd, that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 16.

TRINCULO.

A very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind not of the newest. Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 28.

TRINCULO.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 40.

PROSPERO.

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 10.

PROSPERO.

The strongest oaths are straw to the fire 'i th' blood. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 52.

JUNO.

Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 106.

PROSPERO.

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 151.

PROSPERO.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 25.

PROSPERO.

There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 198.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

VALENTINE.

Thou art a votary to fond desire? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 52.

LUCETTA.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 21.

JULIA.

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe
"Ay." *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 53.

PROTEUS.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!
Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 84.

SPEED.

Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and would fain have meat. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 174.

PROTEUS.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 17.

VALENTINE.

Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 37.

VALENTINE.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature, and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 67.

VALENTINE.

His mistress did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 86.

SILVIA.

His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 100.

VALENTINE.

Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rock pure gold.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 166.

LAUNCE.

No, they are both as whole as a fish. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 17.

PROTEUS.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Act 2, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 9.

JULIA.

O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Act 2, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 15.

JULIA.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Act 2, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 74.

VALENTINE.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 93.

VALENTINE.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away"!
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 100.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 38.

JULIA.

But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 8.

VALENTINE.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 1.

PROTEUS.

O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd
When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd!

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 42.

VALENTINE.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleas'd.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 79.

PROTEUS.

O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 109.

VALENTINE.

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 172.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FALSTAFF.

Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 40.

FALSTAFF.

O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 63.

MRS. PAGE.

What! have I scap'd love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am now a subject for them? Let me see. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

MRS. PAGE.

Though love use reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 5.

FORD.

I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions; but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues." *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 191.

FORD.

What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 282.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DUKE.

Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 35.

LUCIO.

Impiety has made a feast of thee.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 50.

LUCIO.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.
Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 36.

LUCIO.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 76.

LUCIO.

When maidens sue
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 80.

ANGELO.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

ANGELO.

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 133.

ISABEL.

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 74.

ISABEL.

O, 't is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 106.

ISABEL.

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
thunder, —
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft mirtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 110.

ISABEL.

Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 128.

ISABEL.

That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 130.

ANGELO.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 177.

CLAUDIO.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 2.

ISABEL.

Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 75.

CLAUDIO.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling; — 't is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 115.

DUKE.

The hand that made you fair hath made you good. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 179.

Take, O! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

ABHORSON.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 37.

DUKE.

A looker on here in Vienna.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 315.

DUKE.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 438.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ANTIPHOLUS S.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 41.

BALTHAZAR.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 26.

ANTIPHOLUS S.

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 47.

ANTIPHOLUS S.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 61.

DROMIO S.

I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 92.

DROMIO S.

Marry, sir, she 's a kitchen-wench, and all grease; I know not what use to put her to, but

to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 95.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS.

A mere anatomy, a mountebank, . . . a living dead man. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 240.

ÆGEON.

Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 315.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DON PEDRO.

And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 271.

CLAUDIO.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were little happy, could I say how much.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 299.

CLAUDIO.

Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 348.

BALTHAZAR.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 62.

HERO.

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 106.

BENEDIK.

Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 28.

BENEDIK.

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 17.

FRIAR.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 225.

LEONATO.

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 36.

BENEDIK.

If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 62.

DON PEDRO.

Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face?

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 40.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

KING.

"With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman." *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 255.

MOTH.

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 97.

ARMADO.

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 163.

ARMADO.

Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetist. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 183.

PRINCESS.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 15.

ROSALINE.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 67.

KING.

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 178.

ARMADO.

Sweet smoke of rhetoric! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 55.

BIRON.

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 155.

PRINCESS.

Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 4.

PRINCESS.

What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 85.

NATHANIEL.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not
Drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished;
He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 24.

NATHANIEL.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 103.

KING.

O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 38.

BIRON.

One drunkard loves another of the name.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 47.

LONGAVILLE. *Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 57.

LONGAVILLE.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 57.

DUMAIN.

Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove
Turning mortal for thy love. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 114.

BIRON.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 148.

BIRON.

O, 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 243.

BIRON.

O, if the street were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 273.

BIRON.

For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 307.

BIRON.

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 338.

BIRON.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
That show, contain and nourish all the world,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire. *Act 4, Sc. 3, l. 345.*

NATHANIEL.

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 1.*

HOLOFERNES.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 17.*

MOTH.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stol'n the scraps. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 38.*

ROSALINE.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 73.*

BIRON.

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 219.*

ROSALINE.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 273.*

BIRON.

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.
Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 314.

BIRON.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 637.

ROSALINE.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 748.

ARMADO.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 812.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THESEUS.

You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 71.

LYSANDER.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 133.

HERMIA.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 177.

HELENA.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 235.

OBERON.

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 163.

PUCK.

I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 176.

QUINCE.

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 107.

PUCK.

Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.
Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 34.

PUCK.

Lord, what fools these mortals be !
Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 115.

HELENA.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 208.

TITANIA.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 73.

BOTTOM.

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 210.

THESEUS.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 7.

THESEUS

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 48.

THESEUS.

For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 83.

THESEUS.

The rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 102.

THESEUS.

His speech was like a tangled chain;
Nothing impaired, but all disordered.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 124.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ANTONIO.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 76.

GRATIANO.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks, —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O! my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 79.

BASSANIO.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.
Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 114.

PORTIA.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 1.

PORTIA.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 12.

PORTIA.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 54.

SHYLOCK.

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 122.

MOROCCO.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

LAUNCELOT.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 75.

JESSICA.

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 2.

GRATIANO.

That ever holds; who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Act 2, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 8.

JESSICA.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Act 2, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 36.

ARRAGON.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 9, *l.* 37.

NERISSA.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Act 2, *Sc.* 9, *l.* 81.

SERVITOR.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand.
Act 2, *Sc.* 9, *l.* 91.

SHYLOCK.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you n that. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 56. 3/4

BASSANIO.

he world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
t, being seasoned with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 73.

BASSANIO.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 83.

PORTIA.

O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 111.

PORTIA.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me

Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 150.

BASSANIO.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 175.

BASSANIO.

Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, — I was a gentleman.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 251.

BASSANIO.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 292.

BASSANIO.

Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your
ve do not persuade you to come, let not my
ter.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 319.

LORENZO.

How every fool can play upon that word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable only in parrots. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 40.

JESSICA.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 75.

ANTONIO.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that than which what's harder? his Jewish heart. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 70.

PORTIA.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 184.

SHYLOCK.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 217.

PORTIA.

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 303.

SHYLOCK.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that;
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 374.

LORENZO.

The moon shines bright. — In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

LORENZO.

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 9.

LORENZO.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 83.

PORTIA.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 90.

PORTIA.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 102.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DUKE SENIOR.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 12.

ADAM.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. *Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 47.*

ORLANDO.

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 56.

JAQUES.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Act 2, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 139.

AMIENS. — SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen

Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly,
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot: —
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 175.

ROSALIND.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 226.

ROSALIND.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 30.

ROSALIND.

Now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 55.

ROSALIND.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 88.

ORLANDO.

O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 42.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GREMIO.

Our cake 's dough on both sides.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 109.

GRUMIO.

If I were not a little pot, and soon hot.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 8.

PETRUCHIO.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honour 'peareth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 167.

WIDOW.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 20.

KATHARINA.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 142.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

HELENA.

'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so far above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 79.

HELENA.

But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 91.

HELENA.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky

Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 201.

CLOWN.

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 51.

HELENA.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 140.

KING.

From lowest place where virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deeds;
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 122.

KING.

Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 132.

PAROLLES.

Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 203.

LAFEU.

A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.
Act 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 30.

HELENA.

The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 121.

BERTRAM.

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 66.

FIRST LORD.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 70.

PAROLLES.

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 250.

CLOWN.

Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.
Act 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 15.

PAROLLES.

My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 22.

KING.

Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear. *Act 5, Sc. 3, l. 20.*

KING.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. *Act 5, Sc. 3, l. 38.*

KING.

But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That 's good that 's gone."
Act 5, Sc. 3, l. 56.

LAFEU.

This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes on and off at pleasure. *Act 5, Sc. 3, l. 266.*

KING.

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past more welcome is the sweet.
Act 5, Sc. 3, l. 332.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DUKE.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die, —
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

CAPTAIN.

What great ones do, the less will prattle of.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 33.

CLOWN.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.
Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 18.

VIOLA.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 213.

OLIVIA.

What is your parentage? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 249.

VIOLA.

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman." *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 249.

MARIA.

If I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in bed.
Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 137.

DUKE.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 28.

DUKE.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 38.

VIOLA.

She never told her love, —
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 109.

MALVOLIO.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.
Act 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 125.

OLIVIA.

But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 104.

OLIVIA.

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 139.

OLIVIA.

Love-sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 151.

FABIAN.

You are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 26.

OLIVIA.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 52.

SIR TOBY.

Swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would earn'd him.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 155.

OLIVIA.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 196.

VIOLA.

Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something; *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 307.

VIOLA.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 318.

ANTONIO.

In nature there 's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.
Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 332.

SEBASTIAN.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep.
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 63.

OLIVIA.

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 103.

MALVOLIO.

Made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 328.

CLOWN.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 360.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

LEONTES.

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wast born a fool. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 173.

PAULINA.

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in it. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 115.

AUTOLYCUS.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 26.

PERDITA.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out the purity of his. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 367.

CAMILLO.

Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 559.

KING JOHN.

BASTARD.

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'T is too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 187.

BASTARD.

But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 206.

BASTARD.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 261.

AUSTRIA.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 82.

CITIZEN.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she; —
And she, a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, where they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 437.

BASTARD.

Here 's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 455.

LEWIS.

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 504.

CONSTANCE.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 68.

CONSTANCE.

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar ?

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 84.

CONSTANCE.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little-valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 115.

CONSTANCE.

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 128.

KING PHILIP.

On the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 248.

PANDULPH.

And better conquest canst thou never make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 290.

KING JOHN.

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 46.

LEWIS.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 108.

PANDULPH.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 119.

PANDULPH.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 136.

PANDULPH.

How green you are and fresh in this old world!

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 145.

SALISBURY.

Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 9.

KING JOHN.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 208.

KING JOHN.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 218.

KING JOHN.

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 221.

SALISBURY.

This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 46.

PEMBROKE.

All murders past do stand excused in this,
And this so sole and unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity
To the yet unbegotten sin of times.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 51.

BASTARD.

A cocker'd silken wanton.

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 70.

LEWIS.

A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 40.

BASTARD.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror:
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true.

Act 5, Sc. 7, l. 112.

KING RICHARD II.

NORFOLK.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast. *Act 1, Sc. 1, l. 177.*

DUCHESS.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Act 1, Sc. 2, l. 33.

BOLINGBROKE.

This must my comfort be:
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

Act 1, Sc. 3, l. 145.

BOLINGBROKE.

Boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 274.

GAUNT.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 276.

BOLINGBROKE.

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites but lanceth not the sore.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 295.

GAUNT.

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 36.

GAUNT.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 40.

WILLOUGHBY.

Urge doubts to them that fear. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 300.

YORK.

Comfort 's in heaven: and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 79.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 6.

BOLINGBROKE.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.
Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 46.

BOLINGBROKE.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 67.

YORK.

Things past redress are now with me past care.
Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 170.

SALISBURY.

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 19.

KING RICHARD.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 55.

KING RICHARD.

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones:

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd: — for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 144.

KING RICHARD.

By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 207.

KING RICHARD.

O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 136.

KING RICHARD.

Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaethon
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 178.

AUMERLE.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 25.

BISHOP.

And there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 97.

KING RICHARD.

Give sorrow leave to tutor me awhile
To this submission. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 166.

KING RICHARD.

My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine;
You may my glories and my state depose
But not my griefs, still am I king of those.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 191.

KING RICHARD.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear.

Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 203.

QUEEN.

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 14.

YORK.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 23.

YORK.

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 36.

KING RICHARD.

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

Act 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 42.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

FALSTAFF.

'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 61.

FALSTAFF.

O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 78.

FALSTAFF.

O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 91.

PRINCE HENRY.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 178.

PRINCE HENRY.

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 186.

HOTSPUR.

Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again:
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff: — and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 33.

HOTSPUR.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf,
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, — God save the mark!
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 47.

HOTSPUR.

O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 197.

PRINCE HENRY.

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 98.

HOTSPUR.

Out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 8.

HOTSPUR.

An I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 17.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have sounded the very base-string of humility.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 4.

FALSTAFF.

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 255.

POINS.

Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 450.

PRINCE HENRY.

That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.
Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 475.

GLENDOWER.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 53.

HOTSPUR.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 62.

KING HENRY.

Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 68.

FALSTAFF.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 69.

FALSTAFF.

Hal thou know'st in the days of innocency Adam fell: and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 148.

PRINCE HENRY.

O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 160.

FALSTAFF.

I am heinously unprovided. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 198.

HOTSPUR.

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 17.

VERNON.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Act 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 105.

HOTSPUR.

This praise doth nourish agues. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 112.

BARDOLPH.

This bottle makes an angel. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 5.

FALSTAFF.

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.
Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 52.

WORCESTER.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 22.

FALSTAFF.

Well, 't is no matter: honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no. Or an arm? no. Or can it take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'T is insensible then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it; honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 129.

HOTSPUR.

The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long.
Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 81.

PRINCE HENRY.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 98.

FALSTAFF.

The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 118.

FALSTAFF.

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 141.

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Every minute now should be the father of some stratagem. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 7.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 100.

FALSTAFF.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause *that wit is* in other men. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 5.

CHIEF-JUSTICE.

Every part about you blasted with antiquity.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 164.

FALSTAFF.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 211.

DOLL.

When wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven? *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 198.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life thou dost lead! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 251.

FALSTAFF.

His face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen.

Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 295.

KING HENRY.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slipp'ry clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 5.

KING HENRY.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 31.

KING HENRY.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Act 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 94.

PISTOL.

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 95.

FALSTAFF.

Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England are at my commandment.

Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 126.

KING HENRY V.

CANTERBURY.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 47.

NYM.

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 20.

KING HENRY.

If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 121.*

PISTOL.

Falstaff he is dead, and we must yearn therefore. *Act 2, Sc. 3, l. 5.*

EXETER.

That you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm holes of long-vanish'd days
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line.
Act 2, Sc. 4, l. 86.

KING HENRY.

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wide and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood
And teach them how to war. — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry — "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 16.

DAUPHIN.

It is a theme as fluent as the sea.

Act 3, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 34.

KING HENRY.

O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour to his grave;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the forehand and vantage of a king.

Act 4, Sc. 1, l. 210.

KING HENRY.

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 30.

KING HENRY.

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 61.

KING HENRY.

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 92.

EXETER.

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

Act 4, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 30.

KING HENRY.

A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly I pray thee. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 150.

KING HENRY.

And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 215.

KING HENRY.

O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within

the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 247.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

BEDFORD.

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 56.

GLOSTER.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 14.

SUFFOLK.

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 78.

SUFFOLK.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Act 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 62.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

KING HENRY.

The treasury of everlasting joy. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 18.

KING HENRY.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 18.

SUFFOLK.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 53.

KING HENRY.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 232.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

YORK.

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 134.

KING HENRY.

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, — the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Act 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 19.

CLARENCE.

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 83.

GLOSTER.

Why, I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry, "Content," to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 182.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 21.

WARWICK.

I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 8.

KING EDWARD.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 47.

KING EDWARD.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 57.

GLOSTER.

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make his body follow.

Act 4, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 25.

CLARENCE.

A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Act 4, *Sc.* 8, *l.* 7.

GLOSTER.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act 5, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 11.

KING RICHARD III.

GLOSTER.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buri'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd: sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

ANNE.

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 71.

GLOSTER.

Teach not thy lips such scorn: for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 171.

GLOSTER.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 228.

GLOSTER.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 243.

GLOSTER.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 70.

GLOSTER.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 335.

CLARENCE.

Who pass'd methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 46.

SECOND MURDERER.

Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 151.

GLOSTER.

All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 101.

THIRD CITIZEN.

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 32.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Pitchers have ears. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 36.

BUCKINGHAM.

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
Act 3, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 5.

BUCKINGHAM.

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Act 3, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 50.

GLOSTER.

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time.
Act 3, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 167.

BUCKINGHAM.

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days.
Act 3, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 184.

KING RICHARD.

To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 43.

RICHMOND.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 23.

KING RICHARD.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 346.

KING RICHARD.

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

Act 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 9.

KING HENRY VIII.

ANNE.

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 18.

WOLSEY.

O negligence! fit for a fool to fall by.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 213.

WOLSEY.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 223.

WOLSEY.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new-open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 351.

WOLSEY.

All my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever.
Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 408.

WOLSEY.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though my master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And — Prythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 429.

GRIFFITH.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 29.

KATHARINE.

He was a man of an unbounded stomach.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 33.

GRIFFITH.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 46.

GARDINER.

Affairs, that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 13.

OLD LADY.

The tidings that I bring will make my boldness manners. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 159.

SONNETS.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, — "Thou single wilt prove none."

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
  Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars in them I find such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."

So should my papers yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
  But were some child of yours alive that time,
  You should live twice, — in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:

How can I then be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my face where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts, — from far where I abide
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with his disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old Nine which rhymers invocate;

And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, when thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee:
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive my powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time,
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LX.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry; —
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disable-ed,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented; when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:

From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives the releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing.
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a rainy night a windy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure:
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die:
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
bred, —
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time

My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd in lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part

Of thee, thy record never can be missed.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,

Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, — and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

SONNETS (EXTRACTS).

III.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

XXXI.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye.
. . . . . .
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone.

XXXIV.

For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace;
. . . . . .
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

XL.

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

XLIII.

All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show
thee me.

LII.

Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

LIV.

They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves.

LVII.

So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LXX.

For slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

XCIV.

For sweetest things turn sour by ill deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

CII.

That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

CX.

Alas! 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view.

CXXXVIII.

O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified. *l.* 83.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue. *l.* 120.

Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.
l. 195.

"O! then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise." *l.* 225.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear! *l.* 288.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise? *l.* 41.

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings. *l.* 95.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like wintry weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.
l. 169.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought? *l.* 339.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields. *l.* 352.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *l.* 356.

If that the world and love were young
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love. *l.* 368.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS.

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 9.

TROILUS.

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 38.

TROILUS.

O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense,
Hard as the palm of ploughman. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 53.

ALEXANDER.

This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every

thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use: or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 19.

CRESSIDA.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this, —
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue,
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 265.

NESTOR.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 33.

AGAMEMNON.

When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 73.

NESTOR.

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 193.

THERSITES.

Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows;

an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 41.

TROILUS.

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 26.

HECTOR.

'T is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 56.

TROILUS.

A Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 78.

PARIS.

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 161.

ULYSSES.

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 103.

AGAMEMNON.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 175.

ULYSSES.

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry — "No recovery." *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 163.

TROILUS.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon;
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 8.

TROILUS.

I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me;
Swounding destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 18.

TROILUS.

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 35.

TROILUS.

Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 63.

CRESSIDA.

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear; to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 64.

TROILUS.

This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 74.

CRESSIDA.

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 76.

TROILUS.

Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 90.

TROILUS.

I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 155.

CRESSIDA.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 183.

ULYSSES.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 47.

ULYSSES.

O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 130.

ULYSSES.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts arms for oblivion;
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang,
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent:
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 145.

PATROCLUS.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 218.

PATROCLUS.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 230.

ACHILLES.

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 301.

THERSITES.

Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 303.

CRESSIDA.

Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 104.

CRESSIDA.

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 2.

TROILUS.

Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods — as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities — take thee from me. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 23.

TROILUS.

And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath,
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 35.

TROILUS.

I speak not "be thou true" as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart.

Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 60.

TROILUS.

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 79.

TROILUS.

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 93.

TROILUS.

I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 124.

AJAX.

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Act 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 8.

ULYSSES.

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 55.

HECTOR.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 224.

TROILUS.

O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 176.

CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS.

When two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 108.

CORIOLANUS.

I will not do it;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 120.

MENENIUS.

He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 20.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit want edge.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 26.

DEMETRIUS.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 83.

TITUS.

What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 68.

MARCUS.

O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 82.

TITUS.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 93.

AARON.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 25.

TAMORA.

Is the sun dimm'd that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.

Act 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 82.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 183.

CAPULET.

When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 27.

BENVOLIO.

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 86.

ROMEO.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 89.

LADY CAPULET.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 86.

MERCUTIO.

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.

Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 27.

MERCUTIO.

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 31.

MERCUTIO.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 54.

MERCUTIO.

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 96.

SECOND SERVANT.

When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 3.

CAPULET.

I have seen the day, that I have worn a visor, and could tell a whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, such as would please. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 21.

ROMEO.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 44.

JULIET.

You kiss by the book. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 106.

ROMEO.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 1.

ROMEO.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 24.

JULIET.

What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 43.

ROMEO.

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 71.

ROMEO.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed by the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 82.

JULIET.

At lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 92.

JULIET.

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 109.

JULIET.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 133.

ROMEO.

All this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 140.

ROMEO.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 156.

ROMEO.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 187.

FRIAR.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 17.

FRIAR.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 22.

MERCUTIO.

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 53.

MERCUTIO.

A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 84.

MERCUTIO.

No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve.

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 90.

JULIET.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 73.

JULIET.

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 80.

FRIAR.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 2.

ROMEO.

Banished? O friar! the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 46.

FRIAR.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 55.

ROMEO.

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Act 3, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 7.

CAPULET.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Act 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 27.

ROMEO.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 3.

ROMEO.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 69.

ROMEO.

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 91.

ROMEO.

Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die.

Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 108.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

POET.

When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 15.

APEMANTUS.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 49.

APEMANTUS.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 134.

TIMON.

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends
And ne'er be weary. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 207.

FLAMINIUS.

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 46.

SERVANT.

Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 62.

FIRST SENATOR.

He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 31.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MARULLUS.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 34.

BRUTUS.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 86.

CASSIUS.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 134.

CÆSAR.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.
Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 191.

BRUTUS.

But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 21.

BRUTUS.

O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,
When evils are most free? O! then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 77.

BRUTUS.

Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 173.

BRUTUS.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 230.

PORTIA.

Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 285.

BRUTUS.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 288.

CÆSAR.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 60.

CASCA.

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 111.

ANTONY.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? *Act* 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 148.

ANTONY.

The choice and master spirits of this age.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 163.

ANTONY.

Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 273.

BRUTUS.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved
Rome more. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 22.

ANTONY.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I seek not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 75.

ANTONY.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who you all know are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. *Act 3, Sc. 2, l. 115.*

ANTONY.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle! I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep; and, I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 166.

BRUTUS.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 17.

BRUTUS.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 26.

BRUTUS.

All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 43.

CASSIUS.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 84.

CASSIUS.

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied the gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 92.

BRUTUS.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 202.

CASSIUS.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 38.

OCTAVIUS.

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 48.

CASSIUS.

If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 121.

BRUTUS.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 123.

BRUTUS.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 23.

ANTONY.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Act 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 68.

MACBETH.

FIRST WITCH.

When shall we three meet again? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 1.

CAPTAIN.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 11.

BANQUO.

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 84.

BANQUO.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 123.

MACBETH.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 137.

MACBETH.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 146.

MALCOLM.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 7.

DUNCAN.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 12.

DUNCAN.

Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; 'would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 16.

LADY MACBETH.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 19.

LADY MACBETH.

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 53.

DUNCAN.

Nimbly and sweetly the air recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 1.

MACBETH.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We 'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 1.

LADY MACBETH.

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 35.

LADY MACBETH.

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage? *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 44.

MACBETH.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 46.

LADY MACBETH.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 60.

MACBETH.

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 79.

MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use, —
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on the blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There 's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 33.

LADY MACBETH.

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 10.

MACBETH.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 36.

LADY MACBETH.

Infirm of purpose! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 51.

PORTER.

I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 18.

MACBETH.

The labour we delight in physics pain.
Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 45.

MACBETH.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 86.

MACBETH.

To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus.
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 46.

MACBETH.

Rather than so come fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance!
Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 70.

LADY MACBETH.

'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 6.

MACBETH.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 13.

MACBETH.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 19.

MACBETH.

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 40.

MACBETH.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 56.

MACBETH.

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 22.

MACBETH.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 38.

MACBETH.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 94.

MACBETH.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 98.

MACBETH.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 110.

LADY MACBETH.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 118.

MACBETH.

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 136.

MACBETH.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty? *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 86.

MACBETH.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 117.

MACBETH.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 146.

MACDUFF.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 55.

MALCOLM.

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 97.

MALCOLM.

What is the newest grief? *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 176.

ROSSE.

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 177.

MACDUFF.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 231.

ANGUS.

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 20.

MACBETH.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.
Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 9.

MACBETH.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 11.

MACBETH.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 23.

MACBETH.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart? *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 40.

MACBETH.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 18.

MACBETH.

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" *Act* 5, *Sc.* 8, *l.* 33.

ROSSE.

Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 8, *l.* 47.

HAMLET.

HORATIO.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Act 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 165.

HAMLET.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 76.

HAMLET.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 129.

HAMLET.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 180.

LAERTES.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 36.

OPHELIA.

But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 46.

POLONIUS.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man th' ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 59.

OPHELIA.

'T is in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 85.

POLONIUS.

You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 101.

HAMLET.

Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, — wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin, —
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; — that these men, —
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo —
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft adulter
To his own scandal. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 14.

HAMLET.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 39.

MARCELLUS.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 90.

GHOST.

But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 13.

GHOST.

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 53.

GHOST.

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 86.

GHOST.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 90.

HAMLET.

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.

Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 95.

HAMLET.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 166.

POLONIUS.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 62.

POLONIUS.

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 102.

POLONIUS.

By heaven, it is as proper at our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 115.

POLONIUS.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 90.*

POLONIUS.

'T is true 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is true.
Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 97.

GUILDENSTERN.

Happy in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 220.

HAMLET.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 240.*

HAMLET.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 262.

FIRST PLAYER.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends! *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 466.*

HAMLET.

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live. *Act 2, Sc. 2, l. 495.*

HAMLET.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by th' nose? gives me the lie i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! Ay, sure, this is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! — I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this: — the play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 556.

HAMLET.

To be, or not to be, that is the question: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? — To die, — to sleep,
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die? — to sleep? —
To sleep: perchance to dream: — ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickli'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. — Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. *Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 56.*

OPHELIA.

Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 100.

HAMLET.

If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; go, farewell.
Act 3, Sc. 1, l. 141.

OPHELIA.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Act 3, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 147.

HAMLET.

Anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, to mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 20.

HAMLET.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Act 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 46.

HAMLET.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 49.

P. QUEEN.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 156.

P. KING.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 173.

P. KING.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 179.

HAMLET.

Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 226.

HAMLET.

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 254.

HAMLET.

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 347.

KING.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 36.

HAMLET.

Or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 92.

KING.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 97.

HAMLET.

Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 42.

HAMLET.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 55.

HAMLET.

A king of shreds and patches. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 104.

GHOST.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 115.

HAMLET.

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 145.

HAMLET.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Oft habits' evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 162.

HAMLET.

I must be cruel only to be kind. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 179.

HAMLET.

For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 206.

HAMLET.

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 22.

KING.

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

Act 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 9.

HAMLET.

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 54.

KING.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 77.

LAERTES.

That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 115.

KING.

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 122.

LAERTES.

Nature is fine in love; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 160.

OPHELIA.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 173.

KING.

A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. *Act 4, Sc. 7, l. 76.*

KING.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it.
Act 4, Sc. 7, l. 113.

QUEEN.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. *Act 4, Sc. 7, l. 163.*

HAMLET.

'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 64.*

HAMLET.

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.
Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 125.

HAMLET.

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 128.*

HAMLET.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio.
Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 186.

LAERTES.

Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling. *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 220.*

HAMLET.

What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers? *Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 237.*

HAMLET.

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 248.

HAMLET.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
Act 5, Sc. 1, l. 273.

HAMLET.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 10.*

HAMLET.

'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 60.*

HAMLET.

To divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory. *Act 5, Sc. 2, l. 110.*

HAMLET.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 201.

OSRICK.

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 266.

HORATIO.

Now cracks a noble heart. — Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 340.

KING LEAR.

EDMUND.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 1.

GLOSTER.

This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 46.

EDMUND.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, — often the surfeit of our own behaviour, — we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the

stars, as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.

Act 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 106.

LEAR.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! — Away, away!

Act 1, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 256.

KENT.

Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Act 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 63.

LEAR.

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element 's below.

Act 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 56.

FOOL.

Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 67.

REGAN.

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 298.

LEAR.

But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 8.

EDGAR.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
Act 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 133.

EDGAR.

The worst is not, so long as we can say,
"This is the worst." *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 27.

ALBANY.

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 31.

ALBANY.

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 34.

ALBANY.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 36.

ALBANY.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 61.

GENTLEMAN.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. — In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 17.

LEAR.

Ay, every inch a king. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 106.

LEAR.

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong arm of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
Act 4, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 161.

LEAR.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 170.

CORDELIA.

We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 4.

REGAN.

Jesters do oft prove prophets. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 71.

LEAR.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman.
Act 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 273.

KENT.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 314.

OTHELLO.

RODERIGO.

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 21.

IAGO.

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 35.

IAGO.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 62.

OTHELLO.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, — no more. — Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 77.

OTHELLO.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process; —
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 127.

DUKE.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 204.

DUKE.

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 208.

BRABANTIO.

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 219.

CASSIO.

He hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellence. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 61.

CASSIO.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 85.

CASSIO.

'T is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 98.

DESDEMONA.

I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 123.

IAGO.

She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind:
She was a wight, — if ever such wights were.
Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 147.

IAGO.

To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 159.

DESDÉMONA.

O most lame and impotent conclusion.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 160.

OTHELLO.

It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of sea
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 179.

DESDEMONA.

The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow! *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 189.

IAGO.

Base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

Act 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 211.

IAGO.

What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 22.

IAGO.

And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 24.

CASSIO.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 29.

CASSIO.

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 260.

IAGO.

In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 316.

IAGO.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do at first suggest with heavenly shows.

Act 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 324.

OTHELLO.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 91.

IAGO.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 156.

IAGO.

But O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves! *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 169.

OTHELLO.

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I 'ld whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 261.

OTHELLO.

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 271.

IAGO.

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 322.

IAGO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 330.

OTHELLO.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 343.

OTHELLO.

O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 348.

OTHELLO.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd:
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 369.

IAGO.

Fools as gross as ignorance made drunk.

Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 405.

CASSIO.

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 4, *l.* 180.

OTHELLO.

O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 175.

OTHELLO.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place in my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin, —
Ay, there, look grim as hell! *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 47.

OTHELLO.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell! *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 90.

EMILIA.

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the East to the West!

Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 143.

OTHELLO.

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: — I 'll smell it on the tree. —
Ah balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. — One more and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep.

Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 11.

OTHELLO.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 76.

OTHELLO.

Nay, had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 145.

OTHELLO.

O ill starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O cursed, cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh! *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 331.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ANTONY.

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to wit
We stand up peerless. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 33.

SOOTHSAYER.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 8.

ENOBARBUS.

The tears live in an onion which should water this sorrow. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 159.

CLEOPATRA.

Good now, play one scene of excellent dissembling; and let it look like perfect honour.

Act 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 78.

CLEOPATRA.

Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 64.

CLEOPATRA.

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: — cold in blood.

Act 1, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 75.

MENECRATES.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 5.

ENOBARBUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of lutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see

The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 190.

ENOBARBUS.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 235.

CLEOPATRA.

A hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Act 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 29.

CLEOPATRA.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 85.

POMPEY.

Well, I know not
What harsh counts fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 54.

CLEOPATRA.

Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 7, *l.* 24.

ANTONY.

O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 11, *l.* 59.

ANTONY.

Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
Act 3, *Sc.* 11, *l.* 73.

ANTONY.

O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
The horn'd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 13, *l.* 126.

ENOBARBUS.

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 13, *l.* 198.

CLEOPATRA.

The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 15, *l.* 66.

CLEOPATRA.

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 82.

CLEOPATRA.

Prythee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
Act 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 172.

CHARMIAN.

So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 313.

CYMBELINE.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but he. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 22.

POSTHUMUS.

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 100.

IMOGEN.

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 130.

IMOGEN.

Ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 34.

IACHIMO.

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. *Act* 1, *Sc.* 6, *l.* 168.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise. *Act* 2, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 18.

BELARIUS.

O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Act 3, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 21.

IMOGEN.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.
Act 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 11.

ARVIRAGUS.

I'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 167.

GUIDERIUS.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive. *Act* 4, *Sc.* 2, *l.* 254.

POSTHUMUS.

For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 26.

BELARIUS.

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 5, *l.* 351.

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

Thou seem'st a palace for the crown'd Truth to
dwell in. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 122.

PERICLES.

Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.
Act 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 192.

PERICLES.

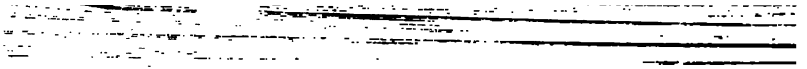
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 203.

PERICLES.

The music of the spheres. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 1, *l.* 231.

PERICLES.

Your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports. *Act* 5, *Sc.* 3, *l.* 39.



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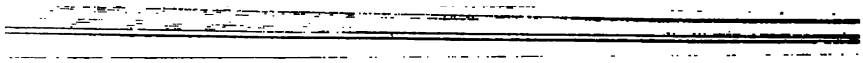

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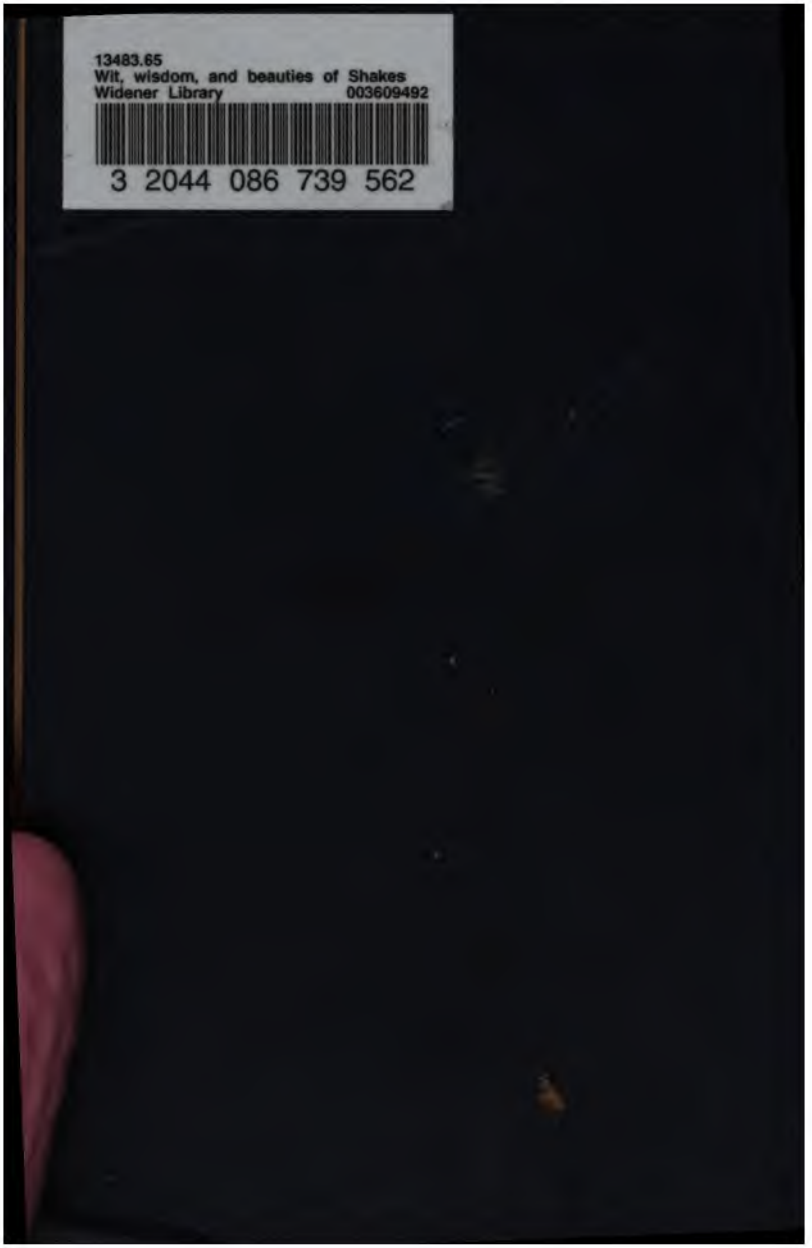
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